Dungeon
Master
FTL

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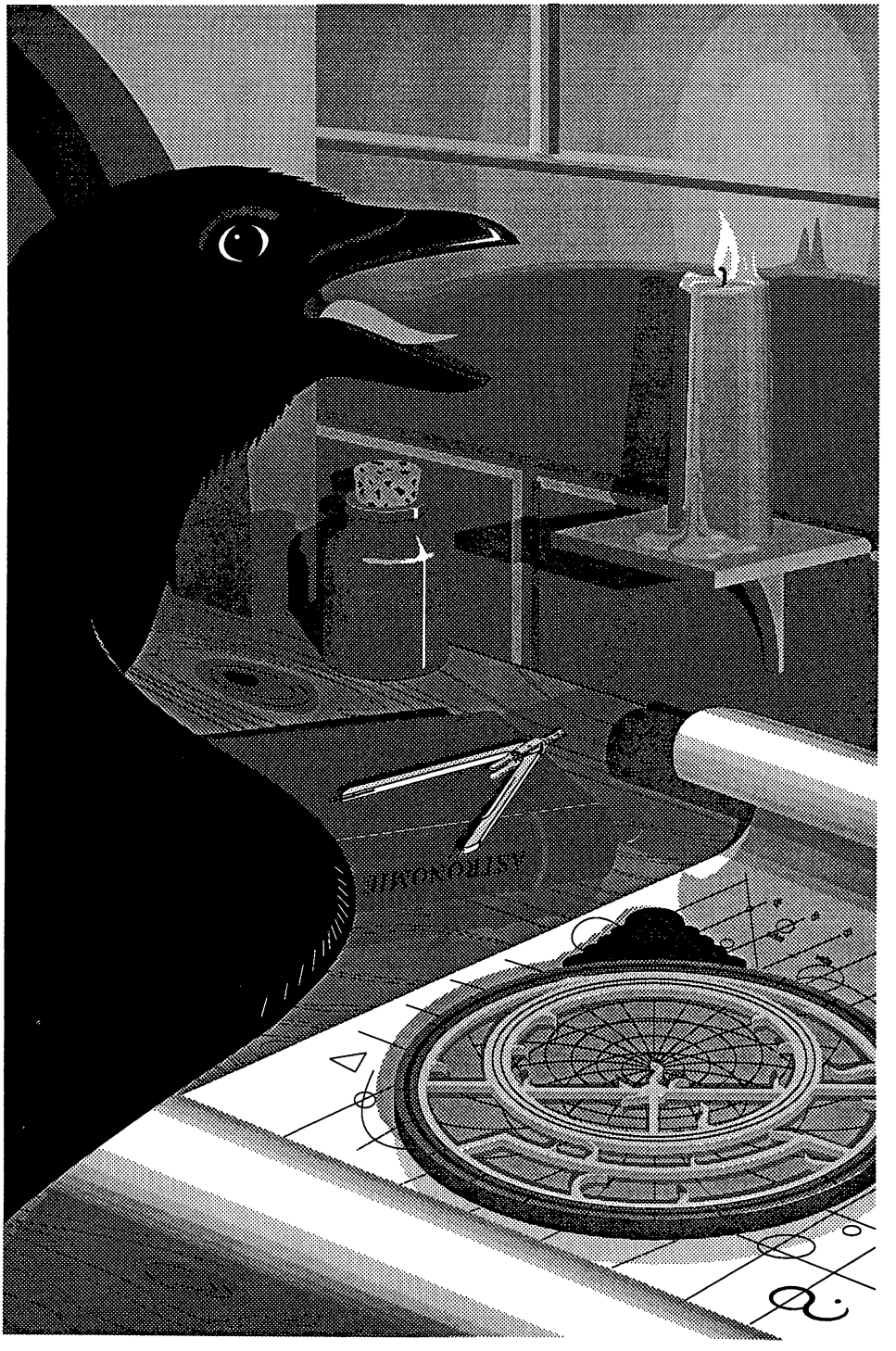

ASTRONOMIE

It was quiet in the dungeon of the Grey Lord. The soft flames of the torches gleamed on the Firestaff, grandly displayed in its case of glass on a field of cobalt blue. The rubies and sapphires encircling the hilt caught the light and threw it against the brass astrolabe and compass that Theron of Viborg held in his hands as he copied a star chart for his master.

Deep within the bowels of the dungeon, the Grey Lord's great bronze bell tolled the hour. Listening, Theron looked up from his task and sighed. Five o'clock. Would the wizard never emerge from his laboratory?

Fulcrum, his master's raven, flapped his wings and landed on Theron's shoulder.

"Ah, ha, I have it! Ah, ha, I have it!" the raven cawed, in perfect imitation of the pleased tone the Grey Lord adopted whenever he solved a problem or completed an experiment. "I have it, ah, ha! Ah, ha!"

"My heart is filled with joy for you," Theron muttered. "Now, do you think you could fly through that thick oak door and remind our master that I'm expected in Viborg?"

"Ah, ha!" Fulcrum cried. With a sigh, Theron returned to his chart.

When the bell tolled six, Theron put down his instruments, rubbed his eyes, and tiptoed across the stones to the door of his master's secret laboratory. Holding his breath, he rapped on the door.

"Sir, I'm ready to go," he ventured.

When there was no reply, he pressed his ear against the wood and listened. The tinkle of glass, the crackling of a great fire, a puff as if of smoke. The smell of Mana seeped from beneath the door and he inhaled deeply, savoring it. The Grey Lord must be engrossed in a serious experiment.

He had been locked inside the vault since the high moon, three nights before.

"Master?" the young apprentice called again.

He thought he heard a rumbling sigh, as if from a dragon or the soul of some harnessed and unhappy demon; and then the Grey Lord said, "I heard you the first time, Theron. Give me leave to respond, you rash pup."

"Forgive me," Theron murmured, drawing back as the door opened. Fulcrum cawed and flew inside, and Theron seized the chance to glance into the forbidden room. But strain as he might, all he saw was shadow. How Theron longed to work there, learning the powerful wizard's deepest secrets!

"No forgiveness is needed, from you at any rate. It is I who should apologize for my ill temper."

The Grey Lord stepped from the gloom at the far end of the laboratory. Love and awe welled in Theron's heart for the tall figure in the grey wool robes, who had chosen him from all the village lads to serve as his apprentice and promised that in return, he would teach him of the mysteries of the universe, of Magick and Physick, and make of him one day an Arch Master of All the Arts.

"I didn't mean to interrupt you, sir," Theron went on. "It's just that the hour grows late and I--"

"As I said, young one, no need to apologize. I well remember the eagerness of youth. And you have sacrificed much of that vigor in my service. I do not begrudge you your impatience to be off to Viborg." He smiled. "Had I a maid as fair as your Veyla waiting for me, I would be in haste to go as well."

The Grey Lord cocked his head and the dreamy expression Theron knew so well stole over his features. Theron often wondered if his master were lonely, secluded in this dungeon beneath Mt. Anaias, the sacred mountain of lava and crystal. It was rumored to be the resting place of the Power Gem--the orb that thawed the ice from which dwarf and halfling, elf, man, and High Lord alike had risen....

"Well, then," the wizard said, rousing himself from whatever thoughts had led his mind away, "you must be off to collect my henna rope. Put on your cloak."

With a wave of the Grey Lord's hand, a wooden closet covered with ironwork and emeralds swung open and Theron's magic cloak of fluid silver glittered within. It floated across the room and draped itself around Theron, shining in the dim light. The wizard adjusted it on Theron's shoulders--his mere touch sent crackles of Mana through Theron's body--and he carefully covered Theron's head with the hood.

"A harmonious journey, my young friend." The Grey Lord raised his luminous hand in benediction.

Theron dropped to one knee. "I seek balance in all I do, my lord."

The Grey Lord frowned slightly. "I am your master, Theron, but not your lord. How many times must I tell you this? I would we had never taken that name on. High Lord." His voice was tinged with irony.

"We are no higher than you, though some of us would have you believe otherwise. We slumbered in the ice beside the other races, placed there by the same creator."

"Yes, sir," Theron responded dutifully, though he, like all of Viborg, knew the Grey Lord was not at all like them. It was common knowledge that the High Lords were gods, and the Grey Lord was the most powerful of them. More than once, he personally had saved the people from war and division; from the wizard's own kinsman, Whisdain. And now, rather than retire to the Upper Plane with the other High Lords, or to rule over the world, as he had been had asked, he chose to seclude himself in a dungeon of his own making; there to discover the answers to his many questions of origin and purpose, in hopes of creating a world of harmony and balance for those who dwelled upon it.

Together, master and apprentice walked to the sphere of crystals which they used for short journeys from the

dungeon, such as the one to Viborg. Theron stood inside it and crossed his wrists beneath the cloak.

"Go in harmony, Theron."

"I seek balance, Grey Lord."

The stone walls of Theron's home began to disappear. Shadows grew beyond the gleam of the crystals, descending on the chests and shelves of books; the table where the Grey Lord and Theron supped, and played chess, and debated ancient philosophies. On the Grey Lord himself, whose eyes glittered as he watched Theron go.

--Oh, Theron thought, was his master crying?

And then the wizard opened his arms and blurted, "Theron, I've found it!"

Theron gasped. "The Power Gem?"

"Yes! As I always suspected, it lies within the mountain flames."

The crystals blinded Theron; he knew he must close his eyes but he strained to see.

"Master, this is great news!"

The Grey Lord's face swam before him. "Yes. When next we meet, I shall show you a dawn fairer than you can imagine."

While Theron squinted inside the sphere, the case that contained the Firestaff slowly opened. The wizard reached out his hand and drew forth the instrument with a mighty crack.

Theron pounded against the crystals.

"No, master! You mean to extract the Power Gem while I'm gone! You're sending me away so you can do it alone! My lord, attend me! Don't do it! No!"

Theron cried out as the crystals blazed around him. He saw moons and suns and rushing stars; and a pulsing he thought would blind him: golden, no silver, no white, as white-hot

as the soul of mortal; as the heart of a High Lord; as the ice that had borne and sheltered their ancestors.

He fell to his knees and covered his eyes. Something surrounded him, a form of Mana more powerful than anything he had ever experienced; it hit him like a blow and he sprawled within the sphere, prostrate.

* * * * * * *

Safe within the center of the magic oak that was his destination, Theron awoke with a start and sat up.

Slowly he got to his feet, frowning as he did so. A strangeness tugged at his mind. Something alarming had happened in the laboratory just before his journey. Something to do with his master. He cocked his head. He could remember nothing. He didn't even recall entering the crystal sphere.

Troubled, he stepped from the oak and into a shower of snow-white apple blossoms.

Veyla, his betrothed, giggled as she knelt above him in the cleft of the tree, shaking a limb from her father's apple orchard so that the petals rained down on Theron.

"Harmony, Theron!" she trilled as she dropped the branch and held out her small, soft hands to him. "I've been waiting for you all day!"

Waiting. It was something about waiting. Asking his master to wait for him. To do what? Theron scratched his chin. His mind was blank.

"Theron!" Veyla chided gaily. "Aren't you going to help me down?"

Theron roused himself. Whatever it was would come to him. Perhaps he had dreamed inside the crystal chamber. It would not be the first time.

He smiled up at Veyla and said, "Give me leave to take off my cloak, love. You know its touch would burn you."

"Hurry, then! I'm eager for a kiss!"

Theron removed the cloak and hung it on a branch, then took his beloved in his arms. She was so beautiful; she smelled of apples and roses and her hair was soft as the pelt of a rabbit. Theron couldn't wait until the Grey Lord gave him permission to marry her. When he was an Arch Master--ah, so much depended on that!

"Oh, Veyla," he said, sighing against her hair. "I want to tarry with you, but I'm on an errand for my master."

Veyla knit her brows. "But you told me the Grey Lord bade you stay the night at my father's inn."

"I did?"

"Yes. On the high moon. Don't you remember?"

The odd feeling returned to Theron. He absently stroked Veyla's hair. How could he forget such a thing? What else had he forgotten?

"Truly, Theron, you can ask Father. You are to stay with us. Everything has been arranged. Including a safe place to put...that." Veyla gestured uncertainly toward his cloak. Theron knew she was afraid of it.

"You know I'd like nothing better than to stay with you and your father," Theron said, hiding his confusion, and his reward for his words was another kiss.

"Come now, my love." Veyla grabbed his hand in both of hers and tugged hard. "Father has prepared a feast for you, and the wise woman waits to give you the henna rope for your master. Then we can dream together beside the river."

"How can a man refuse such a wench?" he asked, and for the first time realized he was no longer a lad. He was a man of the world, and the Grey Lord's trusted apprentice. He was a mortal of worth. As his dear mother would have said, a catch for any lusty girl. And he wanted no one but Veyla.

* * * * * * *

They feasted that night, on joints of venison and Veyla's father's best ale; and with his cloak on a hook over his bed,

Theron slept the sleep of the well contented, a smile on his face.

He passed the night in wonderful dreams, of his wedding day, of his life with Veyla. The Grey Lord had promised them a cottage on the side of the mountain, with lambs and geese, a waterfall cascading into a pond--a simple thing for him to arrange. Theron and his master would initiate Veyla into their secrets--or most of them; there were some things best left to the ken of High Lords and Arch Masters; and secrets that the Grey Lord alone could possess.

Secrets. Theron frowned in his sleep. There was something about his leavetaking...about secrets...the penetration of mysteries...

And then his dream blurred and raged into a nightmare. He imagined himself in terrible agony, as if he had been torn into two pieces. His own cries echoed in his ears as he struggled against the searing pain that shot through his limbs, his flesh, his heart. His hair burned, his bones throbbed; and he thought that this was what dying was; this was death.

He found himself standing on a hill covered with scorched brush. The trees around him were black skeletons, brown shriveled skins dangling where once the branches dipped with red apples and juicy peaches. The sky was a sea of red, choking with smoke; and his village lay in ruins. Soldiers chased young children through the streets; a sound of wailing filled the air; he heard cracks like thunder and shut his eyes tightly.

When he opened them, he hung above the earth and saw armies riding across the land. War. Famine. Pestilence. Tragedy and misery cut down the people wherever he looked.

Horrified, Theron raced through his nightmare. He flew past the ruined trees and blasted earth; the heavens opened up and frozen rain pelted him; winds struck at him and buffeted him like a feather.

He gathered his cloak around his body, shouting, "No, master! Don't do it while I'm gone! Don't do it, my lord! Attend me!"

He raised his arms above his head--

--and saw through his own hands. Gasping, he realized his entire body was transparent.

"I'm dreaming," he reminded himself. It was a vivid dream, to be sure, but hadn't the Grey Lord warned him that with increased power, strong visions would sometimes haunt his sleep?

No, said a voice into his ear.

Theron blinked, and the vision was gone. He was standing in the foothills of Mt. Anaias, before the doors to his master's dungeon.

Theron turned around. "Who speaks to me in my nightmare?"

No dream. No nightmare.

"Show yourself!" Theron commanded.

Cannot.

"I demand it!" He raised his hand from his cloak in a gesture of magical power, then drew in his fist and recited a Spell of Seeing.

Faintly, a globe of light appeared before the doors, then ebbed. Theron repeated the magic gesture. The light grew brighter.

It was the sphere of crystal from the Gray Lord's laboratory. And shrouded within in it stood a figure of white, its features obscured.

"Theron," the figure rasped.

Theron took three steps backwards. "Master?"

"Theron," the voice said again. The light grew brighter. Theron saw the face of the Grey Lord and ran toward the sphere with outstretched arms.

"Master, Master, tell me what's happening. This must be a vision. I fell asleep a few hours ago, and--"

"No," said Theron's master. He was dressed in white, not his customary grey, and Theron wondered if that was why his face seemed so tight, his lips pursed thin as if in anger. His eyes were steely and flat.

"Listen to me. This is real."

"It's not a dream?" Theron asked, aghast. "Oaths, what's going on?"

"Calm yourself!" the wizard snapped. "We have no time for you to give way to hysteria."

"Yes, sir." Theron looked down at himself. "My lord, what Magick has caused us to be as ghosts?"

His master spoke. "I tried to retrieve the Power Gem. In my foolish enthusiasm, I blurted out my plans to you while you were on your way to collect henna rope from the wise woman of Viborg."

"Now I remember!" Theron cried. "I couldn't before, but--"

"Hush. I made you forget, so that your loyalty wouldn't prompt you to insist on remaining with me. I wasn't sure I would be able to survive the capturing of the Power Gem."

"You discovered the spell?" Theron asked. "You never told me."

"I began it, but I had it wrong. When I applied the spell's energy to the Gem, the universe exploded. I was blinded for a year."

"A year?" Theron shouted. "I've been asleep for a year?"

"You haven't been asleep at all. You were torn asunder, the same as I. But because you weren't present at the explosion, you weren't thrown off the material plane, as I was. You see,

I exist in a limbo now. I occupy half-spaces. I can't move in this world, as you can. And that's why you must go into the dungeon and stop him."

"Whom?" Theron blinked back tears. Had he thought himself a man only this morning? He was as frightened as a little child.

"Chaos, Theron!" The wizard clenched his fists and raised his face toward the sky. "When the explosion occurred, he split off from me. He is, I am sad to say, my evil side. That wild, uncontrollable part of me that I can scarce acknowledge. We all have one, but mine is now free to wreak his will on mankind. And he seeks to rule over you, to destroy civilization. To send every living creature back to that first age of ice when we were born."

The wizard pointed to the dungeon. "He's taken over the dungeon and seeks the Power Gem. He controls the Firestaff, but he hasn't learned the spell to free the Power Gem, even though the clues lie hidden in my laboratory. I've reordered my thoughts in the years since the accident, and now I alone know the correct spell."

"What do you need me to do, Grey Lord?" Theron asked fiercely.

The figure visibly jerked. "First of all, you must no longer think of me as the Grey Lord. I have relinquished that name. I am to be called Librasulus." Which, Theron knew, translated from the ancient language of High Magick as "Restorer of Order."

"Yes, Lord Librasulus," Theron said, lowering his head in a gesture of fealty. "I pledge you my service."

"Excellent. I count on that service, Theron. You must be my arms and legs. My eyes and mind. Until I possess the Firestaff I cannot enter the dungeon. Since the Great Catastrophe, I can only appear on this plane, in this place outside it, just as he must remain within it. We are here, he and I, and yet we are not. You must bring the Firestaff to this place."

Theron licked his lips. "But how can I get into the dungeon? I have no substance either. Do I not occupy half-spaces?"

Lord Librasulus nodded. "That's logical, Theron. I taught you well. But there are actions you can take that I cannot. Actions you must take, if I am to stop Lord Chaos. That's what he calls himself. He is master of my dungeon now. You must give it back to me."

"The dungeon?" Theron squinted at the wizard as the sphere began to jitter.

"The Firestaff! Don't you see? With it, I have the power to enter the dungeon and retrieve the Power Gem. Then I will banish Chaos and the world will know a new age of order!"

"But--"

"I can stay no longer. You must hear me now. In the years since the Catastrophe, I've sent mortal champions into the dungeon, in the hopes that they could retrieve the Firestaff. Unfortunately," Lord Librasulus said, "they perished in the attempt."

"All of them?"

"But a few hundred. A small sacrifice, when one counts the fate of millions against it. They weren't disciplined enough. They couldn't focus themselves. They fought with each other, stopped to gather treasures. So they died."

Theron's heart chilled. How bloodlessly his master spoke of these things. But how tired he seemed, how tormented he must be. Perhaps he had cut off his emotion in order to survive an unendurable weight of guilt.

Theron nodded and said, "So they died, sir."

"Lord Chaos hung twenty-four of them in a place he calls the Hall of Champions." The great High Lord scowled. "It's his trophy room. He has imprisoned them there, in magic mirrors. They are frozen, suspended, dead and yet not dead. He placed them there as warnings for those who would undertake my cause."

Lord Librasulus paced back and forth within the sphere. "You, with your advanced knowledge of the arts, can enter the Hall and awaken them. I have sufficient power to aid you in this, but only for four souls. You may select as many as four, but no more. They will not see you, but your influence and knowledge shall guide them through the dungeon and to the Firestaff."

"And I must decide which of them is to possess a new lifetime?" Theron asked softly. "A heavy burden."

"You can also use their life energies to create champions more to your liking," Lord Librasulus said offhandedly.

"What?" Theron's eyes widened.

"Yes. I can empower you to do that. Perhaps you shall find that another lad with your own abilities better suits the task at hand. Or perhaps you need clever helpers more than strong ones. You can fashion what you will."

"That sounds almost...blasphemous, my lord."

The wizard ignored him. "You shall lead your champions as I am now leading you, as a spirit without form or substance. It is they who must move and act in the world. They, who still belong to it. Go quickly, Theron, into the dungeon and rouse the world's saviours. Choose wisely, for upon them hangs destiny."

"But how shall I choose?" Theron asked, bewildered. "What dangers do they face?"

"Lord Chaos has perverted my experiments. He has created deadly puzzles they must solve--twisting my love of logic, spitting in my face. He's created hideous monsters. I've been told by those who've escaped that some of those monsters once were mortals, whom he captured and transformed. It is hell that I send you to, Theron. But it is necessary."

The sphere shattered into thousands of pieces. Theron covered his face and shouted, "How am I to choose? What am I to do?"

As the crystals of the sphere plummeted to the earth, the wizard's voice echoed against the wind. Go into the dungeon and look at the Champions in their vaults.

Look into their souls and see what they were made of.

Look.

* * * * * * *

Theron looked.

He sent his mind past the dungeon doors, searching and seeking down the tunnels and shafts to the Hall of Champions. It was dark; and an aura of gloom rolled through it, of violence and despair.

Of death.

On the walls of the wretched catacomb he saw mirrors, and in them the frozen champions. Men, women, dwarves, elves, and creatures he had never seen before--a lizard-man, a dog-thing. Their glazed eyes stared at him as if in entreaty--

Help us, free us.

Theron stopped before the face of an elven woman. She was as lovely as Veyla, with light brown hair and a warrior's strong features, a gown of white falling off her shoulders. Moved, he reached out his hand to touch her through the mirror.

And then a scream of anguish pierced his temples.

* * * * * * *

He was tumbling into a pit. Stones and torches and the writhing forms of four people crashed past him and everything slammed into a huge pile. A wooden beam toppled across the back of an old man with a white beard. He cried out, then was still. The elf landed on top of a large, burly youth dressed in a loincloth; another man braced himself for impact by crouching into a ball and was covered with rocks and stones.

"Syra!" the young man shouted. A broadsword cuffed his temple and he sprawled forward.

Theron braced himself for impact but he simply hovered above the scene, a hapless onlooker. A sick feeling grabbed at his stomach when he realized he was watching a scene from the past and that these four were now imprisoned in the mirror-crypts. He had a premonition that he was to witness their deaths and wished with all his heart that someone else had been cursed with this terrible mission.

The bearded man was dressed in the robes of a prophet. The muscular youth was obviously a Barbarian. The other man was, perhaps, a thief--some of the pouches on his leather belt had burst, and a handful of gems and trinkets spilled across the dirt and stone.

And the beautiful elf he recognized from the Hall of Champions, what of her? An oak staff lay near outstretched arm, bearing the crest of those who tended the oak grove where his magic tree grew--or once had grown, before the ravaging of the earth.

After a time, the old man stirred beneath the wooden beam. "Syra," he said, gasping.

Theron swallowed hard when she didn't reply. Then she moaned and opened her eyes.

"Nabi!" She scrambled over to him and tried to pull the beam off his back. Her hands were torn and bleeding. "Halk! Alex! Help me!"

The man called Nabi inhaled sharply. "The map. I dropped it when we fell. I'm sorry, child. I fear it is lost."

"Great. Just great," the Barbarian youth muttered, picking rocks off himself as he sat up. "No map. Wasn't it enough that you opened the pit?"

"Can you sit up, Nabi?" Syra asked. She began to cry when the old man shook his head.

The Barbarian rolled his eyes. "It grows even better. We have a wounded leader, a hysterical wench, and Alex Ander

is out cold." He nudged the unconscious man. "Still alive, though."

"Oh," Syra said softly. "Is he badly hurt?" She seemed torn between tending Nabi and going to Alex Ander.

"How should I know?" Halk snapped. "I'm no priest." He gestured toward the prophet, draped over Syra's lap. "He's done for, eh?"

"Halk, be quiet," Syra said through clenched teeth. "You have the sensitivity of a troll!"

Halk grunted and slapped Alex's cheeks. "Wake up. No goldbricking allowed! We've got to get out of here."

"I'll have to make up some more healing potions," Syra told Nabi. "I'm sorry; I should have had some ready." She reached into his pouch and pulled out an empty flask.

"That's right," Halk called out as he raised Alex's lids and studied his eyes. "If you'd been practicing your healing spells, maybe you could've improved the old man's vision."

"A pity we need you." Syra closed her hand around a dagger at her waist. "I've had almost all I can take of you, Barbarian."

"The Barbarian drew himself up. "Listen, 'child of nature.' I've done my part. I've practiced my skills. I'm the only journeyman anything in this band."

Nabi flashed Syra a mournful smile. "I'm sorry I was so careless. Halk is right; it was I who opened up the pit."

"You didn't see the trigger. It was dark," she replied, brushing his hair away from his forehead. "I'm going to check on Alex. Lie still."

She rose unsteadily and made her way to Alex's side. She lost her footing in the rocks and slid partway down the pile, catching herself by grabbing onto an oaken plank.

"Strong ẃork," Halk growled.

Syra glared at him. "We wouldn't be in this predicament if you hadn't insisted on going after that chest! We wasted our time getting to that thing."

"I need armour," Halk said defensively. "There could have been food inside it, too."

"I guess everyone's all right," Alex Ander drawled as he raised himself on his elbows and grinned at Syra. "You two are bickering as usual."

Wordlessly Syra shook her head. A glance passed between her and the handsome man and Theron realized they were in love, and his heart moved for them.

"Nabi," she whispered.

"Oh, no." Alex closed his eyes tightly and groped for her hand. They sat silently for a moment, comforting each other.

"Start a new map," Nabi said with great effort. "It's vital to your survival. And Halk's right. You must be careful to explore the dungeon, even the dead ends. You never know what you might find."

"Yes." Alex opened his eyes and nodded. "We've found some good things."

"Bah! Like crowns and necklaces?" Halk threw more stones down the side of the hill of debris. "If you didn't carry all that junk around, thief, you wouldn't be too tired to fight! You were no help at all with the trolin."

"You shouldn't have leaned against the wall," Alex retorted. "You let it out. Nabi told us there are switches and triggers everywhere."

Halk crossed his arms. "There was nothing on that cursed wall! A fountain--"

"Just because you didn't see it--"

"Well, I saw the pit." Halk wiped his muddy hands on his loincloth and took a drink from the gourd on his belt. "The outline was plain as day. And speaking of day, we have somebody's god to thank for that torch over there. This place

would be dark as a moonless night without it. Ours are all out."

Syra left Alex and returned to Nabi. With great love and gentleness she touched his forehead. "We'll get out Nabi. Don't--"

"All this talking bores me. We should start searching for a way out." Halk got to his feet and started digging through the rubble. "Loki's bolts, where's my sword?"

The atmosphere in the corridor changed. Theron felt it as surely as someone pressed a block of ice to the back of his neck. Dread flooded through him like a frigid river. He wanted to warn them, tell them to flee, but he was powerless. He could only watch the past unfold.

"Here it is!" Halk announced, lifting the same broadsword over his head that had knocked out Alex Ander. "Now, if only I had some chain mail or a helmet, I'd be invincible!"

"Just a little more difficult to kill," Syra said.

Suddenly a violent tremor assaulted the walls of the chamber. More stones fell from the ceiling and Syra hunched over Nabi to protect him as they thundered down.

Two large doors appeared at the end of the passage. They cracked open and the space between them blazed with searing white light.

"By my troth," Nabi whispered. "I see him! It is the dark lord we were warned about! You must run!"

The rumbling became a roar. Rhythmic thunder sent tremors through the stones--the footsteps of doom, heading for them.

"Escape!" Nabi croaked.

"Nabi's right," Alex said. "We'll need the torch." He scrambled through the wreckage to the wall and tried to pull the torch out of the sconce.

"It's stuck!"

"I'm not running! I'll stay and fight!" Halk bellowed, racing down the corridor toward the doors. He leaped over a grate and positioned himself in front of the doors. "I've fought Oitu's and living skeletons and a thousand things I've never seen before and by the bones of Whisdain, I'm not through fighting yet!"

"Get away! Flee!" Nabi's chest heaved. "I see him coming, with his black cape and his horns! Go!"

Syra licked her lips. Theron sagged as he saw her face harden with resolve. He knew she would stay to protect the old man.

"Perhaps I can deflect him," she said. "I am, after all, an apprentice wizard." Squaring her shoulders, she picked up her staff and joined the others near the door. She held the staff in the direction of the door. Then her dress caught on the end of a candelabra buried among the rocks.

"Mother Mentra, be my light," Syra said. Quickly she lit the candles in the flames of the torch, which Alex still fought to pull out of its holder.

Behind her, Nabi screamed. She whirled around.

He and the huge pile of stone were gone. In his place gleamed a pile of skulls, the remains of his intricate map wedged among them.

"He mocks us!" Syra said. She whirled back around and faced the door. "Come, then, monster! We'll destroy you!"

"No, no! You can't!" Theron yelled, though no one could hear him. Even if they could have, it was too late. Light filled his eyes--

* * * * * * *

And so it went as Theron searched the souls of all the imprisoned Champions, forced to watch the deaths of four-and-twenty valiant heroes.

Then at last, the visions dissolved, and Theron stood alone at the entrance to his master's dungeon.

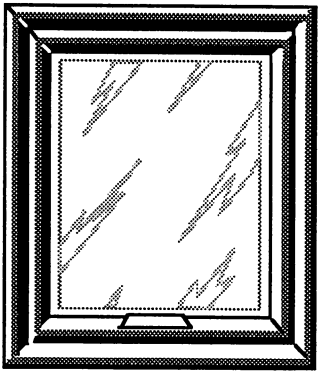
Now your quest begins. You must choose your champions, take up the challenge to recover the Firestaff, and venture deep into the forbidding dungeon. If your guidance is true, you may restore balance to a ravaged world. If you fail, then all will surely succumb to Chaos.

To begin your adventure, remove the game disk from the box. Make sure the disk is write protected (the write-protect tab should be moved so you can see through the slot containing it.). The game program will never need to write to the master disk, so you should keep it write-protected at all times. You will also need to have a blank disk available on which to save your in-progress game. This disk does not need to be formatted. The game program can format it for you when you are ready to quit playing.

To start the game, turn the computer off and then put the disk into the drive. Then, turn on your computer. Within a few seconds, the FTL logo should flash across the screen and the game should begin loading. After the game has finished loading you will be standing at the entrance to the dungeon.

To begin a new game, move the mouse pointer until it points to the word "ENTER" written on the stone wall of the dungeon entrance. Then press the mouse button to open the doors to the dungeon.*

** Note: the leftmost mouse button should be used on computers with more than one mouse button. Other mouse buttons may have special functions for certain computers. See your reference card for additional details.*



Beyond the entrance to the dungeon lies the Hall of Champions, containing the souls of the champions who perished in the Dungeon. Before you can begin your quest, you must choose a party of no more than four of these champions to lead into the dungeon.

The champions are imprisoned in mirrors along with their clothing, weapons, and other possessions. To free a champion from the mirror you must move the mouse pointer to the mirror and press the mouse button. This brings forth a menu which describes the champion's qualities and shows his or her possessions.

Each champion is distinguished by the physical attributes of health, stamina, and Mana (magical energy.) The value of each of these attributes is shown in the lower left corner of the menu as two numbers separated by a /. The first number shows the current level of each attribute. The second number is the maximum level. The current level will rise to the maximum level as the champion rests and will fall as the champion suffers injury, wields weapons, or casts spells. Each champion also has three bar graphs at the top of the screen which show the current values for health, stamina, and Mana as a percentage of the maximum.

The champion's possessions are shown as pictures inside light grey boxes. The boxes represent space in the champion's backpack or sheath or other places to keep an object. You may pick up an object when the mouse pointer shows as an empty hand by moving the hand pointer over it and pressing the mouse button. Notice that the hand pointer changes to resemble the object picked up. Now you can move this object to another location and place it there by pressing the mouse button again. If the new location is already filled by another object, pressing the mouse button will swap the object you are holding with the object there. Some boxes represent places where only certain objects will fit. For example, only shoes will fit on your champion's feet.

There are two special locations shown as an eye and a mouth. Objects may be examined by moving them over the eye and holding down the mouse button. Objects are eaten by moving them to the mouth and pressing the mouse button; however, only certain objects are edible.

A champion may have developed skills as a Fighter, Wizard, Ninja, or Priest. You can review these skills by touching the eye with an empty hand and holding down the mouse button. Fighters are skilled users of heavy weapons and generally have greater physical strength than other champions. Ninjas are skilled users of precision weapons and are also noted for their thiefly abilities. Wizards can marshall the forces of the magical realm for combat. And Priests are masters of the healing arts, being able to use their magical energy to create restoring potions and other remedies.

Champions also have the additional attributes of strength, dexterity, wisdom, vitality, anti-magic, and anti-fire. You may review these by touching the eye with an empty hand and holding down the mouse button.

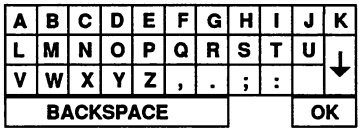
Strength increases the striking power of a weapon and also allows the champion to carry greater loads (such as armour.) Dexterity is the precision with which a champion can wield

a weapon or dodge blows. Ninjas possess higher dexterity than other champions. Wisdom affects a champion's ability to learn spells and recover Mana. Vitality governs how fast a champion recovers from wounds or resists injury. Anti-magic helps resist magic attacks and anti-fire helps resist injury from fire.

If you resurrect a champion, he or she will return to life exactly as they were before death. Resurrected champions remember all the skills and abilities of their past life. If you reincarnate a champion, they will lose their past memories and skills and take on a new identity.. However, these skills are converted to greater physical attributes.

Regardless of whether you choose to reincarnate or resurrect a champion, each champion will be able to learn new skills or improve on existing ones. Fighters and Ninjas gain more fighting ability by fighting. Priests and Wizards gain more magical skill by learning and casting spells. Champions can specialize in one skill, or learn a mix of all four skill areas.

If you reincarnate a champion, you must give that champion a new name by using the following menu. Enter the name by moving the mouse pointer over the different letters and pressing the mouse button to enter each letter.



Press ↓ after entering your champion's first name. A champion should be given a short first name (no more than seven letters) which will appear on all game menus. Your champion can also have a title of up to nineteen letters which follows his or her first name. The title is optional.

Press the OK button to finish.

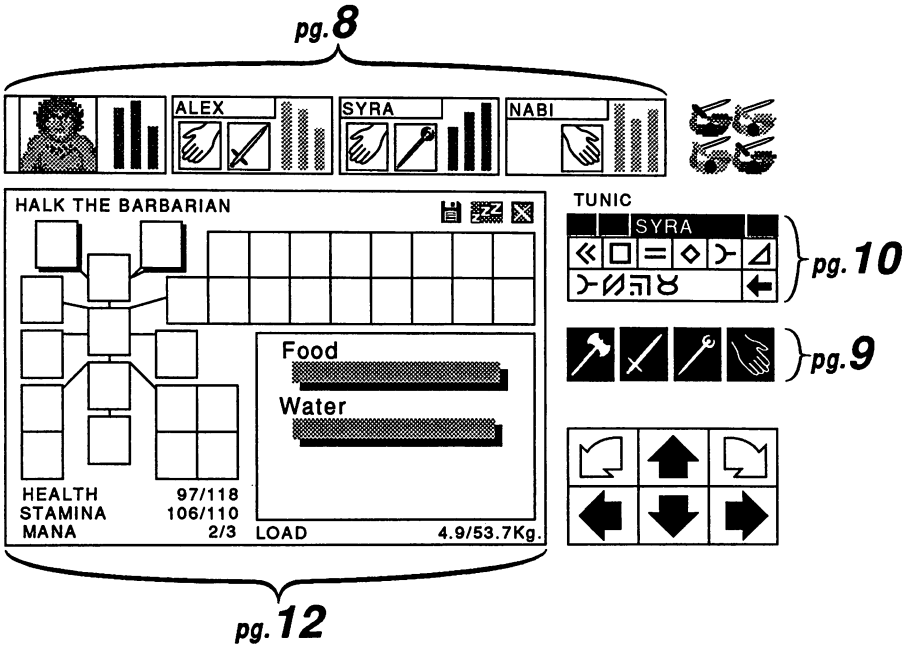
When you have selected at least one champion, the mouse pointer will change from an arrow pointer into a hand pointer whenever it moves into the dungeon view or is near an object box. The hand pointer represents the hand of the party leader. The leader's name is always shown in a different color at the top of the screen.

The leader is your direct link to the dungeon. The leader can pick up things your party finds, open and close doors, or do other direct actions in the dungeon. To select a new leader, move the mouse pointer until it points to the name of the new leader and then press the mouse button.

To pick up or put down objects, point with the mouse and press the mouse button. You will not be able to pick up all the objects you can see in the dungeon. Some objects are too far away.

The leader can also throw objects. To throw an object, pick it up and move it to about eye level and then press the mouse button. The object will travel as far as the leader can throw. Remember, it is the leader who is throwing, and gains throwing practice.

The leader's hand can also move levers, press buttons, or operate other controls found in the dungeon. To operate a control, the party must stand directly in front of the wall that contains it. You will not be able to reach the control from any other position. Some things, such as locks, may require a special object, such as a key, to operate them. For example, to open a lock you must pick up a key, move it over the lock, and then press the mouse button.



The game screen is divided into three main areas. Information about your champions is shown at the top. Menus for controlling the game are shown on the right; and the large area at left center shows either a view into the dungeon or, as illustrated here, the inventory for a particular champion.

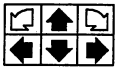
These four pictures show a top view of the champion's in the dungeon. Each picture indicates the position and facing of a champion. The top of the screen is the forward direction. Notice that the color of each champion's picture matches the color of his or her bar graph.

It is important to pay attention to how champions are positioned. Champions using swords, or other swung weapons, must be adjacent to threats they are attacking or their attacks will not reach.

To switch the position of two champions, move the mouse pointer over one member of the party and press the mouse button. The mouse pointer changes to become the champion's picture. Now, move this picture over the picture of the champion you wish to swap with. Press the mouse button again to make the change.

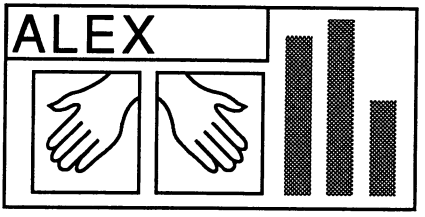
All champions normally face forward. However, when threatened, champions will turn to face the threat.

TUNIC *The name of any object held by a champion shows here.*



The six movement buttons turn and move the party inside the dungeon. The ↶ and ↷ arrows turn the party by 90 degrees without moving in any direction. The ↑ and ↓ arrows move the party forward or backward one step. The ← and → arrows move the party left or right by one step without changing their facing.

You may move or turn the party by placing the mouse arrow over one of the screen buttons and pressing the mouse button.



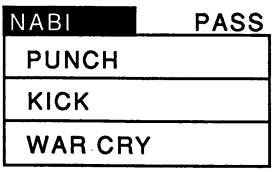
Each champion is represented by a box at the top of the screen which shows their name, their status and what they are holding in their hands.

The three bar graphs show, from left to right, the champion's ***health, stamina,*** *and* ***Mana.*** *When a champion is injured the health graph will drop. When it reaches zero, the champion will die. When stamina drops below half the champion's carrying capacity will drop. The Mana graph will drop as the champion uses magical energy to cast spells.*

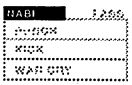
Each champion has two hands. The hand on the left is the "ready" hand. It holds ammunition for range weapons such such as bows or crossbows. A range weapon will not work unless the ready hand holds the ammunition it needs. After firing a range weapon, the ready hand will automatically draw new ammunition from the quiver.

The hand on the right is the "action" hand in which the champion normally holds a weapon or other "action" object. An action object has special abilities. For example, a sword can thrust or a wand may cast magical power. Note: some actions that a weapon or object can do may be beyond the current abilities of a particular champion. For example, a novice fighter may need to practice swinging a sword before he or she can advance to parrying or thrusting. Also, some objects, such as a bow, may require the champion to have another object, such as an arrow, in the ready hand.

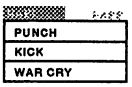
Each champion has an action button which shows a picture of the action object the champion is holding in their action hand. You press the action button to make the champion do something, such as fight, with their action object. Note that not all objects are action objects. The action button will be blank if the champion is holding an object which is not an action object. Also, all champions have actions they can perform with their bare hands. The action button will show an empty hand when the champion's action hand is empty. When you press a champion's action button you will see the champion's action menu for that object.



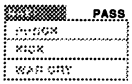
This menu shows the actions your champion can currently do with his or her action object. As champions get better at using an object they may be able to do more actions with it.



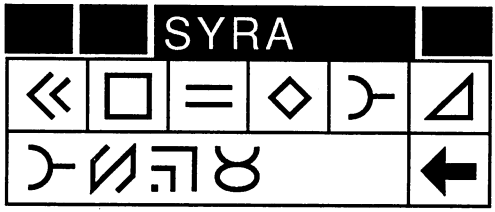
The upper left corner of the action menu shows the name of the champion who can do the action.



These buttons show what actions the champion can do. Press one to perform the action. Note that some actions have other requirements. For example, a bow cannot shoot unless the champion also has arrow in his or her ready hand.



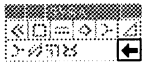
Press the pass button to cancel an action menu and restore the action buttons.



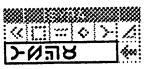
Every member of the dungeon party can learn to cast magical spells. However, casting spells requires skill and practice. Spellcasting draws upon magical energy, or Mana, stored in the champion's body. Beginning magic users can hold only limited quantities of Mana and thus can only cast low level spells. But, with practice, the novice spellcaster can progress to higher levels.

To cast a spell, you must first select which champion will cast it. The top of this menu is a series of selector buttons for each champion. Select a new spellcaster with the mouse pointer and press the mouse button. The name of the new spellcaster will then show.

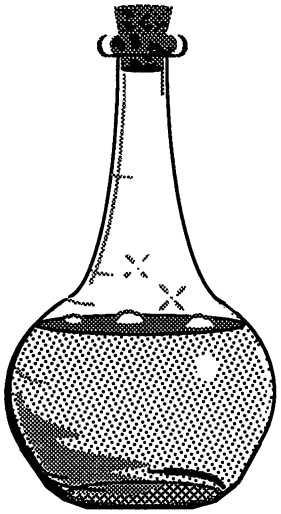
These symbols represent the basic magic syllables of a spell. To prepare a spell, the magic user recites the syllables that make up the spell by moving the mouse pointer, in turn, over each symbol and pressing the mouse button. As the syllables are recited they appear inside the cast button, which is the button directly below the symbol buttons. Each symbol recited drains the Mana level of the spellcaster. Note that some symbols require more Mana to recite than others. If the champion's Mana drops too low, he or she may not be able to recite all symbols.

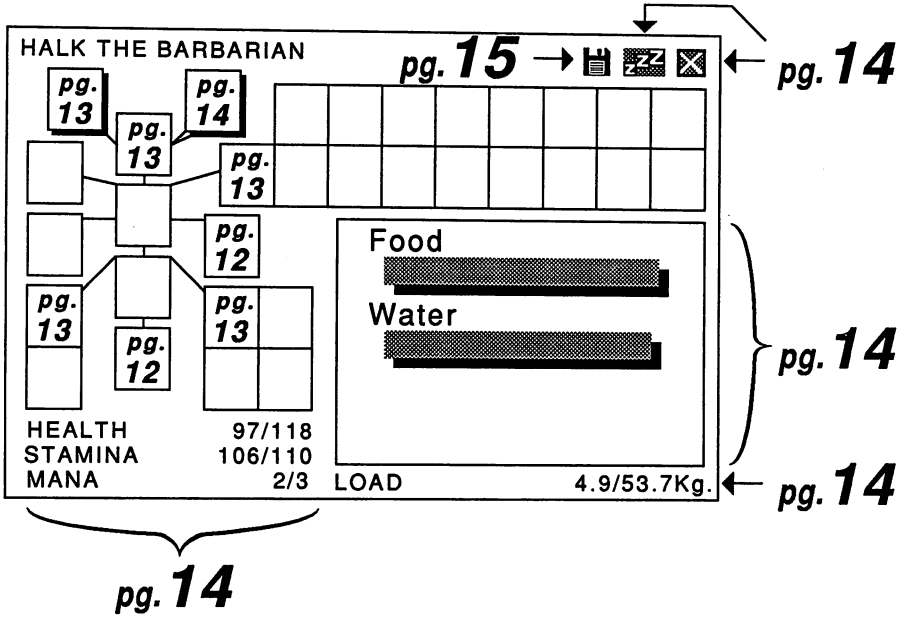


Pressing the recant arrow causes the last syllable uttered to be called back and removed from the spell. This may be used to correct mistakes. However, the Mana expended in voicing the syllable is lost.

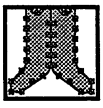


Once a spell is formed, pressing this button will cast it forth. A champion may attempt any spell, but beginning spellcasters may not have enough Mana to cast more advanced spells. Also, some spells only work if the champion casting it has attained the proper experience level. Other spells may require the caster to hold a special object in one of their hands. For example, a spell to create a healing potion requires an empty flask.





Each champion has an inventory of items that he or she carries. To select the inventory of a particular champion, move the mouse pointer to the bar graphs of the champion shown at the top of the screen and press the mouse button. Press here again to return to the dungeon view. You can also go from one champion's inventory to another by moving the mouse pointer to another champion's bar graphs and pressing the mouse button again. This is an easy way to transfer objects between champions.

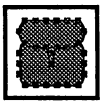


Party members may carry objects found in the dungeon. Places which can hold an object are shown as a box. Some of these boxes represent things which a champion wears. For example, shoes or boots may be placed on a champion's feet.

A champion's hands also show in the inventory. The action hand is on the right and the ready hand is on the left.

The pouch is a handy spot for small objects.

The quiver carries arrows or thrown weapons. The champion's ready hand can automatically draw objects from here to reload during combat. Note that swords and some other weapons will only fit in the first slot.



The backpack is a general-purpose place for storing objects. It has enough room for seventeen objects of any size.

Should a champion become injured, the box around the injured body part will change to red. Injuries affect the champion's abilities in ways that are related to the location of the wound. Injuries can be cured by drinking healing potions.

Objects can be examined by moving them to the eye and pressing the mouse button. This will show the object's weight and can sometimes reveal other things about it. What is revealed depends upon the skills of the champion examining it. Touching the eye with an empty hand shows the champion's current attributes and skill levels. The eye works for as long as the mouse button is held down. A red box around the eye indicates that one of the champion's attributes has recently changed.

The champion can eat food or drink water or potions by moving them to the mouth and pressing the mouse button. Only edible objects may be consumed.

Touching the mouth with an empty hand shows food and water levels for the champion and also reveals if the champion is poisoned. When either bar turns yellow or red, that champion's abilities are impaired. A champion can die from thirst or starvation, so check these levels occasionally.

HEALTH
STAMINA
MANA

These levels show more precisely the values indicated by a champion's bar graphs for Health, Stamina and Mana. The left value indicates the current level and the right value indicates the current maximum for that champion. Note: as champions advance in level, the maximum value will increase. If the Mana maximum level increases, for example, this would mean that the champion has more Mana available for spell casting.

LOAD

The value printed before the slash is the amount of weight the champion is carrying, represented in kilograms. The second value is the maximum weight that the champion can currently carry. If this line is printed in red, then that champion is overloaded and will move more slowly through the dungeon. Note that the party moves only as fast as its slowest member.

Pressing this button will put the entire party to sleep. Sleeping is a fast way to rest and recover lost Mana, health, and stamina. The party will sleep until you press the "wake up" button or they are roused by an attack.

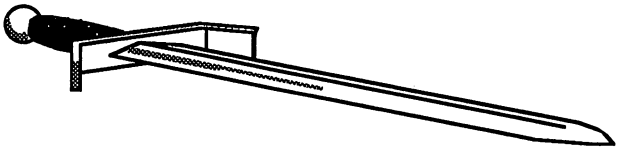
You may exit the inventory by moving the mouse pointer over the exit box and pressing the mouse button.

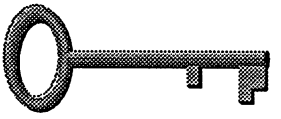
You can examine the contents of chests by bringing up a champion's inventory menu and placing the chest into the champion's action hand. This opens the chest and shows you what's inside. As long as the chest remains in the action hand, you can add or remove objects.

Pressing this button will freeze the game and bring up the save-game menu. If you can't finish the game in one sitting, you may save the current game and resume play later.

Saving the game requires a blank formatted or unformatted disk. Unformatted disk must be formatted before the game can be saved on them. There is a format button provided for this.

You may save a game to a disk and continue playing or you may save the game and quit. There is button provided for each option. To resume play later you should select the "reenter" option at the entrance to the dungeon.





Unlike other dungeon adventure games you may have played, Dungeon Master is a real-time game. This means that, just as in real life, the action doesn't stop while you figure out what to do.

Because of this, preparation is all important. Your champions should have their weapons out and ready before they are surprised by hostile creatures. Remember, weapons are only useful if placed in your champion's action hand, and certain weapons, such as crossbows, require another object, such as an arrow, to be held in the ready hand. (See "Controlling Your Champions" in an earlier section.) If you have extra arrows, they should be kept in your champion's quiver. Your champion will then automatically reload after firing the arrow in his or her hand.

Practice your spells when you have the chance, and learn to prepare useful potions in advance. The more you practice your spells, the faster your wizards and priests will grow in abilities. Don't be discouraged if your spells don't work reliably at first. Start by attempting spells with lower power symbols. These spells are easier for novices to cast and work more reliably. However, even if your champion's spells fail, the practice advances his or her level of skill. Also, remember the division of skills for magic users: creating potions and invoking magical defenses requires priestly skills, while most other magical skills are the domain of the wizard.

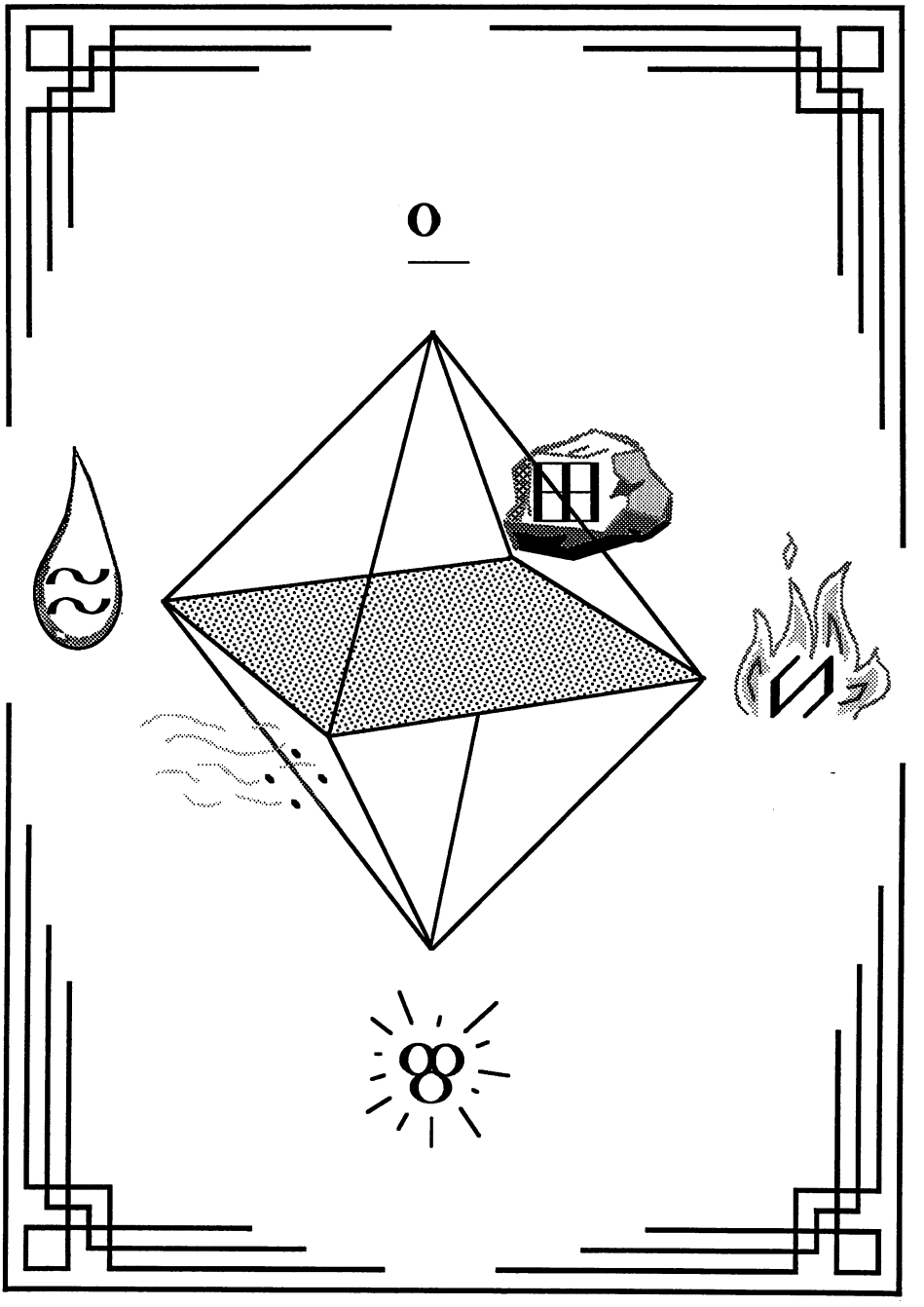
Fighters and ninjas need practice, too, if they are to get better at fighting. Try to choose your fights so that your champions have the advantage. This lets your champions gain fighting experience with less risk of dying. When facing danger, put your strongest champions in front and give them the best weapons. If a champion is using a

swung weapon, such as a sword, he or she must be adjacent to the creature or the attack will not reach. Watch out for attacks from the rear and from the sides, and try to keep a retreat path open so you can fall back and let your champions recover. Here is where a few potions or spells prepared in advance can be real lifesavers! And, if the going gets too rough, run away.

Learn to be a careful observer. Even the tiniest detail can be important. Perhaps a small but useful object lies just under your nose, or is hidden beneath another object you ignored. Did you notice the lever or hidden switch on the wall you just passed? Sounds can provide important hints too. Did you detect the telltale click of the hidden trap you just stepped on? Or did you hear the distant rattle of a door opening or closing?

It may be helpful to compile an accurate map of your surroundings. Maps can help you locate areas of the dungeon you haven't explored yet, or avoid reexploring a place you've already been. Also, a well drawn map can be an invaluable aid to a safe retreat from danger. A map can also help locate traps or solve tricky puzzles; but be warned, even maps can sometimes deceive.

Conserve your resources whenever possible. Torches only burn when held in a hand, so keep extra torches in a champion's backpack until they are needed. Remember to get fresh water whenever it is available, and grab as much food as you can get your hands on. Your only source of food may be the creatures you find and kill, so learn where they hide so you can get to them when you need them. Mana is also an important resource. If you have available Mana, you should use it to prepare potions, heal injured champions, or ready attack spells in advance. Injured or overloaded Champions will slow down the party.



The Origins of Magick

by

the Grey Lord

What knowledge of Magick we have conforms not to the rules of science, but to the arcane skills and unordered ways of art. Be therefore warned that the path to knowledge is not an easy road.

It is said that once, long ago, there was no Magick in the world save the ultimate Magick which giveth life. Later, mankind learned the use of Magick through the control of Mana. This mystical energy is the source of all Magickal power. Those skilled in the art draw its essence from all things and feel its power as they would feel the wind blow or see the sun shine. But to those unskilled it is unseen, unfelt, unknown.

Before you gain knowledge of Magick you must gain knowledge of Mana. However, this talent can only be a gift gained from another skilled in the arts. For it is a truth of Magick that you must know Mana to gain Mana. Once gained, the knowledge lasts forever. Thus have I and others likewise passed the knowledge through generations. With practice and time your own skills can become as great as any who have lived.

Know ye that the power of Mana is a power of nature harnessed by the mind. What the mind can conjure, the power of Magick will carry out. Yet, this power is not gained by mere imagining. It requires a knowledge of the true order of things. Our mind must do more than imagine fire to summon it. It must look beyond and see instead the true nature of fire. From this need was born the art of spellcasting.

A spell is a visualization and recitation that focuses the mind on a specific task and channels Mana to carry it out. A spell is made of symbols which have both a form and a name. The beginning spellcaster learns to pronounce the

name as the symbol is seen in the mind. Each symbol must be recited in the proper order to produce the intended effect. However, Magick is not commanded easily. Even with sufficient Mana and proper recitation, a spell may fizzle if the spellcaster lacks the experience to cast it. To gain experience, the spellcaster should first master the simpler spells before attempting those more difficult.

The symbols of Magick are divided into the four known influences of power, element, form, and alignment. It is said that other influences were once known, but only these four are remembered today. Each influence is controlled by six symbols which represent the six basic orders of all things. The six orders can also be visualized as combining the four orders of the material plane with the two orders of the ethereal realm. Each order of each influence is represented by a specific spell-sound and symbol.

Lest you be too quick to overstep your abilities, know that each symbol recited draws from and depletes the store of Mana carried in your body. The amount of Mana required depends upon the syllables that make up the spell. The six orders of each influence require differing amounts of Mana to invoke. For the influence of power, the weakest order is the syllable LO, and the most powerful is MON. Thus, LO requires the least Mana to cast, and MON the most.

In time, your body restores Mana expended in casting a spell by drawing new Mana from the world around you. As you gain experience in your craft your body will learn to store more and more Mana. With patience and practice, a skilled user can command enough Mana to attempt the most powerful spells.

All spells commence with the invocation of power. The influence of power determines the strength of a spell. Choosing a higher power symbol increases the power of the final spell, but also increases the amount of Mana required to invoke other symbols.

After power, the influence of element is called upon to give substance to the spell. Element determines the fundamental effect of the spell. Many useful spells require only power and element. The Magick torch spell, usually an apprentice's first, invokes first power and then calls upon the element FUL to bring light from fire. As the novice gains experience with this spell, he can attempt higher and higher power symbols giving greater and more steady illumination.

Adding the influence of form to a spell channels the spell into a specific direction. The invocation of the form KATH, as an example, imparts explosive force to the selected element. Form is not required for all spells, but its influence greatly increases the versatility of a spell.

The influence of alignment connects nature with the world of man: his professions and his concepts of good and evil. Thus, these influences are less predictable and require a great deal of Mana to control. The novice would be well advised to leave this influence to the master and the master would be well advised to avoid this influence whenever possible.

As with all skills, only practice will guide the practitioner to higher levels of proficiency. And, only caution will spare him from foolish mistakes.

POWER

The power symbols are the starting point for all spells. Where the other symbols give substance to spells, these symbols impart strength. Starting from the weakest symbol, LO, up to the most powerful, MON, the spellcaster may control the power of a spell to suit the situation. Each step on the scale is equal, so the additional Mana needed for a specific spell of the next level should always be the same.

The shrinking pattern of LO elicits an effect opposite to MON by drawing power away from the other syllables in the spell. The resulting spell is weaker, but easier for the neophyte magic-user to control.

UM controls and directs the forces of stupidity and lethargy. Its weakening effect on other syllables is less drastic than LO, so spells of this power require more experience to cast safely.

The effect of the syllable ON is that of equality. The natural strength of the other syllables in the spell determines the power of the finished incantation.

A subtle opposite to UM, the tilted square appears balanced on a point, poised for movement in any direction. UM's dull corners have become the sharp points of the symbol EE. Speed and intelligence are the forces that combine to make spells of this symbol more powerful (and costly) than normal.

The basis for the symbol PA is still being debated by scholars, but the effect of the spell syllable is much better known. Its ability to increase the power of a spell is second only to MON.

Tapping the strength that builds mountains is the greatest of the power symbols, MON. Only a well practiced magic-user can control spells of this size and power.

ELEMENTAL INFLUENCE

Solidity and structure are the main components of the symbol YA< used to represent the elemental influence of earth. A useful syllable, YA is the basis of many protection spells.

Water is the most precious of the elemental influences, for, more than a thirst quencher, water can both restore health and give life. The syllable VI petitions the aid of this least abundant element.

The elemental influence of air is conjured with the spell syllable OH, and the properties of gases are often imparted to the result. In knowledgeable hands, this symbol can be used to temporarily alter solid objects so they no longer block vision.

The syllable FUL invokes the elemental power of fire. It extracts the essence of heat and flame from the air and all nearby substances and temporarily concentrates them under the control of the magic user. Further syllables can bottle this power or send it flying, before the inherent instability of the concentrated energy explodes into a devastating fireball.

The sun burns the desolate plain of the symbol DES. Like the barren desert it represents, this syllable invokes destitution, desolation, absence, the void. The power of the void is one of the few that can damage creatures of vapor and denizens of the ethereal plane.

The most dangerous of the elemental influences is not fire, but the negative material ZO. However, a great deal of Mana must be expended to keep this essence under control, for negative material can absorb the matter from any material object or being in an instant.

FORM

The queen of venom, the black-widow spider brandishes a single spot of color on her otherwise jet-black form. Hourglass-shaped, she seems to warn that time will soon run out for the unfortunate soul she bites. In the symbology of magic, the hourglass represents the syllable VEN< which encompasses and conducts all things poisonous.

EW depicts the head and arm of a beast. This syllable is used to fashion the elemental component into the form of a creature. Though the conjuration of elementals is still only a theoretical possibility, the syllable is still useful to "sculpt" a spell to affect only the monsters targeted.

The expanding lines of the symbol KATH characterize the shockwaves emanating from a single source. This follows, for the syllable KATH imparts explosive force to spells which already involve energetic elements such as light or air.

IR abstracts the arc of a wing, and, appropriately, imparts the ability to float or fly to a cast spell. By giving motion to the completed incantation, the spell can be sent traveling through the air.

The reciprocal arms of the symbol BRO represent the mutual support and honesty of true friendship. However, recent usage of this construct has drawn upon its power for the creation of beneficial potions.

Constructed from components of fire, lightning and the spear, the jagged line of the symbol GOR combines to invoke the attributes of an enemy. Like its opposite, BRO, recent usage has broadened the power of GOR to the creation of dangerous potions.

CLASS / ALIGNMENT

The sword of the fighter is clearly symbolized by KU, the evoker of all things martial.

The symbol for ROS depicts a hand reaching for an object of value, and, as such, is the abstraction for a syllable that involves all aspects of the thief and his art.

DAIN depicts the spell leaving the magician's raised staff, and in turn conjures the realm of the wizard and draws around the skills and power of their art.

The cross is unmistakable in the priestly character NETA. But, unlike the syllables for the other classes, NETA is influenced far less by the natural forces. Instead, the power of this symbol is related to the magic-user's standing with his or her god. But the favor of a deity is not easily bottled, so potions having this intent are rarely effective.

RA is the most energetic and powerful of the spell syllables. The light and heat of the sun and stars are the sources tapped with this syllable. Fortunately, it happens to be a somewhat cooperative form of energy and is relatively easy to channel once the magic-user has learned how to draw it forth.

SAR is the effective opposite of RA. The symbol depicts the head of a demon. The demon stands for darkness and evil and the guardian of night, the moon. The power of darkness is great, but unruly, so magic-users must expend more of their own Mana energy when attempting to control it. Evil owes no allegiance, and is therefore an inherently dangerous element to include in a spell.

POWER

LO UM ON EE PAL MON

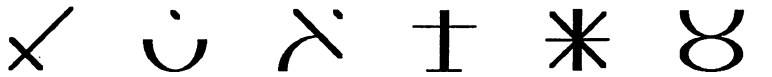
ELEMENTAL INFLUENCE

YA VI OH FUL DES ZO

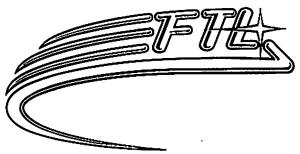
FORM

VEN EW KATH IR BRO GOR

CLASS / ALIGNMENT



KU ROS DAIN NETA RA SAR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